

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XXVIII. MISS ARCHBOLD'S TRUNKS ARRIVE.

THERE is a secret now to be told which must be whispered low, for the winds may not hear that Sir John Archbold, the wealthy, was fast becoming impoverished; that his princely magnificence and hospitality had brought the once overflowing contents of his purse to a low ebb; and that his own extravagance, helped by that of his wife, and especially that of his daughter, now threatened to sweep him to ruin unless some speedy change were effected in the management of his affairs. His pride could not brook confession to the world; the world that had visited at his palace of delight, built up amongst mountains which his will alone had made accessible to man. He had seated luxury on a throne on the very summit of the wilderness; and now the thought of falling from his eyrie, and building himself a lower nest, was like the bitterness of death. Sickening with such bitterness, he had tolerated the wooing of his child by Christopher Lee, for money was great and desirable in his eyes. Katherine, however, had chosen to dismiss Christopher, and she must now be warned of the shallowness of that purse which she had hitherto believed to be deep as the Atlantic. The secret of the decadence of the Camlough wealth was whispered to her fearfully by the now unhappy mother, who had reared her to be selfish and greedy, and without heart. To this mother's whisper there had succeeded a storm; such a tempest had shaken the house of Arch-

bold as had never yet been let loose upon it out of the clouds and caves of the upper mountains. And whilst the storm was raging Sir John took occasion to announce his intention of staying at Camlough all the year, without going to London, as usual, for the season. He would hide himself in his fastnesses on pretence of making improvements, and ponder the means of saving the splendour of his fame. Meanwhile he would only have such visitors as it might please him to invite. Katherine must content herself with simplicity and seclusion, for the gloom of fear had made the father stern towards this daughter, who had almost worn out his affection by the constant display of her selfishness and folly.

Now Katherine's newest whim had been to pay a visit, uninvited, to Monasterlea. Miss Martha was amazed at the young lady's condescension and friendliness, and remarked to Paul that it was quite wonderful to see how some people would turn out well, no matter how the world tried to spoil them. As for that story about Christopher, she had long since thought that the poor girl had been blamed very unfairly. Why should she have been bound to marry Christopher? May had found it very hard to be asked to do so in order to save the young man's fortune, and she had no doubt that Katherine had found it every bit as hard. One could not form a just opinion upon any matter of the kind until one had thought about it a little, and heard both sides of the story. And Aunt Martha, when she saw Katherine's beautiful face in her parlour, asking a welcome with beseeching smiles, thought that she had at last ample evidence that Miss Archbold had been hardly used.

"It proves to me, my dear, that we

ought not to be too hasty," she said to May. "We ought not to blame any one."

"I do not say a word against her," said May. And she doubled up her little fist under her apron with the mighty effort to control her tongue.

These remarks were interchanged in the hall, as Miss Martha, who had stepped out for the express purpose of thus relieving her feelings, met May bearing towards the parlour that antique silver teapot which was the pride of her aunt's heart, followed by Bridget swaying under a tray of good things which might have nourished a small family for a week. May, entering with her teapot, found Paul and Katherine sitting on either side of the hearth, as friendly as possible, and engaged in lively conversation. Katherine was laughing gaily, and Paul was looking very well pleased, seeing that he had succeeded so thoroughly in amusing a pretty and witty woman. The visitor was looking dazzling after her madcap ride—glowing and glittering with all that bewildering light and colour which made her beauty so fascinating. All traces of the half-weird, half-satirical vein of humour which she could show to May, had vanished. Her manner to Paul and Miss Martha was gentle, admiring, winning, and deferential, whilst her brilliant chatter brimmed with wit, and her readiness to be amused was surprising and delightful. May was scarcely suffered to add a mite to the conversation, for Katherine had a trick of stealing the words from her mouth before they were spoken, and of gracefully throwing ridicule over every remark which she permitted her to make. Yet this was done so cleverly, that nobody but May felt its meaning or its persistency.

May bore it patiently and with good humour. Here, in Paul's presence, the superstitious sense of uneasiness could not touch her. She was thoroughly satisfied with Paul's love for herself, and did not fear for a moment that any man or woman could destroy or even weaken their mutual tenderness and trust. So she laughed with Katherine at every jest that was turned against herself, and submitted to play the simpleton with a very lovely grace. The little parlour rang with merriment that evening. Katherine mimicked everybody, visitors, servants, peasants, and aristocrats, giving vivid pictures of various phases of life. It was only when the play was played out, and her voice hushed for the night, that one might remember, in the quietness which succeeded, the vein of un-

merciful harshness and contempt which had run through her representations of human nature.

The next morning Paul came to breakfast, and May, as was usual on such occasions, went tripping over the snow to meet him. Paul's high spirits still endured. He had not had a fit of gloom since he had become agent to the miser. Naturally the conversation turned upon Katherine.

"She is a beautiful creature," said Paul.

"She is very beautiful," said May.

"And friendly," said Paul. "She remembers quite freshly every circumstance of my former acquaintance with her. There was so little of it one would think she might have forgotten. With all her flatterers and admirers, of whom we have heard so much, one would hardly expect that she could have a lively recollection of an insignificant fellow like me."

"Paul," said May, with a sudden and passionate impulse, "don't let her push me out of your heart. Little and poor as I am I can be more to you than she could be."

"My darling," said Paul, surprised, "you might as well ask me with that wistful face not to give myself over to the Evil One. You will not let me stray away from you? This little hand, though small, will hold me."

"I do not know that," said May. "If I saw you willing to go I don't think I could bring myself to hold you."

"You could," said Paul, "and it would be as much your duty as if you were already my wedded wife. No marriage vow can bind us to each other more solemnly than we are bound. But of one thing be certain; my heart has no room to spare for any woman besides yourself. Miss Archbold is beautiful and charming in a wonderful degree, but she is the last woman in the world whom I could associate with a thought of tenderness. You had much better be jealous of your good Aunt Martha."

"I used to think that I could not be jealous," said May, "but now I fear that I could, if it were not that I so utterly hate and despise the feeling."

"Hate and despise it more," said Paul, "though that is scarcely worth your while, for I swear to you that provocation shall never come in your way. We want one another my love, and divided we could not thrive. I, at least, want you. Anything that parted us would be the sure and complete ruin of Paul Finiston. Then, indeed, would the curse have its will of me."

I should go down to destruction just as certainly as any Finiston of them all."

"You must not think that," said May; but instinctively she tightened her hold upon his arm.

May was used to this kind of talk, and she had ceased to be frightened at it. She believed very earnestly in the mystery of the Finistons, and the idea was a rapture to her that she was thus strong in her weakness to be a safeguard to Paul. Yet on this special morning there was something that pressed on her with a vague fear of danger; and somehow, despite it as she would, the uneasiness was associated with Katherine. The thought of jealousy was indeed a folly to her, and it was not now jealousy that she felt. The fear was not of sorrow nor of disappointment for herself, but of harm for Paul, through whom alone she could be made to suffer. She had no separate interests, no selfish feelings to be hurt, no pride to be wounded, no vanity to be stung. She felt herself indeed a part of Paul. There was something in the idea of the possibility of their being separated, as put forth by him at this moment, whilst her own mind was troubled, that struck her with unusual sharpness; as if, indeed, there had been some invisible and unholy power, whose strength was pitted against them, and who would strive to tear them asunder. In the deathly quiet of the winter morning they stood still upon the road, and looked in each other's faces. The Woods of Tobereevil lay in gaunt masses before their eyes, frowning out of a ragged shroud of snow. In the snow-time the old legend always seemed more real than at any other moment, and there was always a ghastliness upon the country while the white sheeting covered the wicked trees and their roots. The "awful babe of death," and his frozen mother, seemed to lie stark and stiff under every snow-wreath; and it was easy to imagine that the feeble shred of smoke from one chimney of the mansion ascended at that moment from the blighted hearth-place of the first Paul Finiston. May locked her hands together upon Paul's supporting arm, and her eyes flashed defiance at the ranks of the wicked woods.

"I tell you," she said, as the flame softened in her eyes, when they met Paul's gaze, "be they men, women, or demons, they shall tear me in little pieces before I loose my hold of you!"

After that the mood of both changed, and they returned to Monasterlea as merry

as two children. Katherine had not all the wit to herself at the breakfast-table, for May's tongue was so loosened by joy that it did clever work just as prettily as any innocent tongue that ever yet sent music out of a woman's smiling mouth.

After breakfast Bridget announced that a travelling-carriage was on its way down the road to Monasterlea. Aunt Martha vanished to put on her afternoon cap, Katherine was in her room, and May received Lady Archbold in the cottage parlour.

"My daughter is here?" she said eagerly, looking in May's face.

"Yes," said May, "since yesterday in the evening."

Lady Archbold was relieved. Her child at least was safe. But now that her fears were allayed, the uneasiness that she had suffered showed itself in irritation and anger.

"You should not have taken her in; you ought not to have kept her here," she said. "Why did not your aunt send her home to me at once?"

"We never thought of such a thing. We could not have done it. The night was wild; and think of the distance!"

Lady Archbold moaned a little, and wrung her hands slowly as she held down the storm of her indignation. She looked up with her feverish glance and saw a sympathy in May's eyes which invited her to speak.

"Katherine is not good to me," she said; "Katherine is not good to me. Now, promise me that you will never repeat this to any one in the world."

"I promise," said May; "but, Lady Archbold, don't be hard upon her. You have spoiled her a little, I dare say." And May took part with Katherine in pity to the poor mother who was blaming her.

"Ah, that is it, but she might at least remember that it was our love for her that did it. I would give the heart out of my bosom if only she would love me, and be a little tender with her mother. Look at me, young girl! I was as proud as the very eagles in the mountains, and yet love for her has brought me to this, that I am whimpering here to you like the beggar that comes to your gate. I reared her, and fashioned her to be a fit wife for a prince, but I would give her cheerfully to the poorest gentleman that ever yet loved her, and portion her with every penny and jewel I possess, if she would only show me one warm spot in her breast where I might live and find comfort for the remainder of my days.

But, oh me! how she wounds this poor aching heart!"

"She does not mean it," said May, still pleading for the mother's heart rather than for the daughter. "She will be sorry when you talk to her. She is wilful and impulsive, but she will be wiser by-and-bye."

"Ah, you do not know her. By-and-bye I shall grow as cold and indifferent as she is. I shall be harsh with her, for she will have turned all my love into bitterness. But she will soon be freed from me, for I shall die. In the mean time, I came here to bring her back with me to Camlough."

"I am afraid she will not go," said May, knowing that Katherine had a great mind to stay at Monasterlea.

"Ah, will not go!" panted Lady Archbold. "Perhaps, Miss Mourne, you sympathise with her in this. Perhaps you wish to keep her against my will. You will repent it if you do. Mind, I say to you, you shall repent it!"

"I do not sympathise with her," said May, "nor wish to keep her here. But if she insists on staying we cannot drive her away."

"But you ought to drive her away," flashed forth Lady Archbold, whose passion rose against opposition. "You have a lover, I am told, and you had better look to it. You will not stand beside my Katherine. If you persist in keeping her by you, your lover will not be your lover many days. She will delight in taking him from you; in breaking both his heart and yours."

May grew a little pale at the coarse way in which so sacred a subject was handled.

"I don't think that will be in her power," she said.

"You think so, do you? Well, I have warned you to keep watch over your property."

"Lady Archbold," said May, "you do not understand me. I shall neither watch nor fear."

"You are a fool," said Lady Archbold, "a great fool, but an honest one. Oh me! oh me! Will not my child come to speak to me?"

"She does not know you are here," said May. "I will go at once and send her to you." And she hurried away, leaving the mother rocking herself sorrowfully in her chair, and making again that slow wringing movement with her hands, as if she would force back the tide of bitterness that was always seething in her breast.

May went and knocked at Katherine's door.

"Lady Archbold is here, and wants to see you."

"Lady Archbold already! Nonsense. Well, we must allow that the old lady has been pretty active. I shall go to her presently, when I have finished dressing my hair. I wonder what she has come for."

"She hopes you will return with her," said May.

"Then her hopes are vain, my dear, for you are not going to get rid of me so quickly. Your good Aunt Martha has invited me to stay here as long as it suits my humour; and it very much suits my humour to take advantage of her kindness. So you may tell Lady Archbold, without waiting till I am ready, that she can trot the fat horses back to Camlough when she likes." And Katherine swept a glittering braid upward as she spoke, and added its weight to the golden coronet which she was building up on her head.

"I cannot take that message," said May. "I should go to her at once if I were you."

"But you are not me," said Katherine, with complacency, and she surveyed May all over with a slight sweeping glance, and with a faint smile upon her lip, as if to say, "How audacious to suggest such a comparison!" "However, I will go to her now, and I will beg of you to have my trunks carried here in the mean time."

"I believe there are no trunks," said May; "I have not seen any."

"No trunks!" cried Katherine, and her brows lowered, and an expression of rude anger gloomed out and extinguished the beauty in her face. "I think Lady Archbold would not come here without the trunks."

But evidently she admitted the idea that the trunks had not been brought, for her face did not brighten as she took her way to the parlour.

The door was closed upon mother and daughter. By-and-bye sounds were heard from the room; echoes of voices speaking in high-pitched tones, vibrating with passion. Afterwards there was silence, and then low murmurs and sobbing. Aunt Martha came creeping softly into her niece's room.

"May, this is dreadful! That harsh, haughty woman will break the bright young creature's heart. Only to hear the poor child sobbing through the wall!"

"Are you sure it is she who is sobbing?" asked May.

"My dear, come into the store-room,

and believe your own eyes. I have been there making some custard, and it is all curdled with the excitement."

"Well, Auntie, the poor lady was in great trouble when I left her, and she only wants her daughter to go home."

"Home, indeed! Don't tell me. Does a girl run away from home when she is treated there with gentleness? Did you ever run away from here? Just answer me that! A proud, hard woman, not fit to bring up a daughter."

"If the mother wants to take her, I don't see how you can keep her."

"But I will keep her; that is, if she is anxious to stay with me. Let the mother go home and cool her temper a little. The girl has asked me for shelter, and I promise you she shall get it."

As Miss Martha spoke the parlour door opened violently, and Lady Archbold made her way rapidly down the garden path to her carriage. Miss Martha thanked Heaven, and went back to her store-room, and May met Katherine returning to her chamber. There were two red spots on the young lady's cheeks; but her eyes were dry and bright. It was not she who had wept so piteously as to spoil Miss Martha's custard. The eyes that had shed the tears were still weeping themselves blind as they were hurried along through the snow back to Camlough.

The next day Katherine's trunks did actually arrive; laden with the costly and beautiful raiment in which Miss Archbold loved to deck herself. Miss Martha marvelled not a little when she saw their number and proportions; and Bridget's head was completely turned for a whole week by the visions of grandeur which dazzled her eyes whilst she was engaged in making up Miss Archbold's room.

THOMAS BUSBY, MUS. DOC.

THERE is a story of a country clergyman observing of Rejected Addresses, that he could not understand why they had been rejected; they seemed to him very good addresses. And a certain critic of the period is reputed to have said of Gulliver's Travels that he thought the narrative interesting, but rather improbable in regard to some of its details. It is plain that, in the judgment of many lookers-on, satire must often miss its mark. Indeed, when it is of a comprehensive kind, one can no more expect that its every shaft will tell, than that every shot fired from a mitrail-

leuse will cause destruction. In both cases some waste of force, and some failure of plan, are almost inevitable.

A great satirist invests with importance the objects of his satire. However severe may be his usage of them, he yet kicks them up-stairs as it were. Pope has really embalmed in the Dunciad the poetasters and wittlings he sought to exterminate. But for him we should know nothing of them. In lieu of the vitriol that destroys, he poured upon them, in truth, the spirits of wine that preserve. Fame clings to them from the fact that they were deemed worthy the furious attack of one so famous.

James and Horace Smith were not satirists of the Pope school. Avowedly they designed but to raise "a harmless laugh" at the expense of the more eminent and popular writers of their time. Some of these even—Rogers and Campbell for instance—were passed over from a feeling that they did not present sufficient opportunities to the caricaturists. And throughout their undertaking the joint authors were intent upon producing inoffensive parodies rather than acrimonious satire. As a rule, therefore, we must not look in their pages for the kind of ridicule that confers long life upon its victims. Something like this has happened, however, in two or three cases. Effusive Fitzgerald and his benedictory verses would perhaps long since have been forgotten but for the burlesque of his muse by the Smiths. The Honourable William Spencer's name as a poet would scarcely have survived if the humorous travestie of his style and sentiments, commencing with the line "Sobriety cease to be sober," had not been written. Spencer himself, "in comic confidence at his villa at Petersham," said to Horace Smith: "It's all very well for once, but don't do it again. I had been almost forgotten when you revived me; and now all the newspapers and reviews ring with 'this fashionable and trashy author.'" And a third bard, mainly remembered now by the parody of his verses in Rejected Addresses, was a certain Thomas Busby, Mus. Doc., concerning whom we propose to make some brief mention.

The arrow sped at Doctor Busby was the one failure of the satirists. He could thereafter claim fame both on the score that he had been thought worth aiming at, and that he had been missed. But he was in truth too vast and too dense a butt. He had already clothed himself so completely in ridicule, that there was no room for any one to add more. What can the satirist

do against a man who has more than sufficiently satirised himself? The doctor's own writings, as the *Quarterly Review* remarked at the time, "for extravagant folly, tumid meanness, and vulgar affectation, set all the powers of parody at utter defiance." Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh*, said of the address, *Architectural Atoms*, which the Smiths had ascribed to Busby, that it appeared to be "far more capable of combining into good poetry than the few lines we were able to read of the learned doctor's genuine address." Did ever satirists before over estimate the merits of their subject, or parody so mildly as to raise less laughter than the thing parodied?

Yet this Busby, apart from his distinction as a butt, was a person of some note in his day. Absurd almost to craziness, he yet had fair title to respect on the score of his abilities and accomplishments. Born at Westminster, in 1755, he had studied music under Jonathan Battishill, at that time a famous composer of anthems, catches, and glees, who lies buried by the side of Doctor Boyce, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Busby became organist at the churches of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street, and St. Mary, Newington; produced oratorios at the Haymarket and Covent Garden Theatres; published selections of music in a serial form, such as the *Divine Harmonist* and the *Beauties of British Song*. In 1800 the University of Cambridge conferred upon him his degree of Doctor of Music. He supplied the accompaniments to the popular melodramas of a *Tale of Mystery* and *Rugantino*, and the music of the opera of the *Fair Fugitives*. He published a grammar of music and a new musical dictionary. Moreover, he produced a translation of *Lucretius*, which was thus cruelly announced by one of the newspapers in the register of births: "Yesterday, at his house in Queen Anne-street, Doctor Busby of a still-born *Lucretius*."

It was the doctor's delusion that he was a poet. He was continually pestering the newspapers with his effusions. He especially prided himself upon his prologues and occasional addresses to theatrical audiences. Elliston, who had become manager of the Surrey Theatre, humoured the doctor's foible, enlisted his services, and designated him "the laureate of the Surrey stage." In evasion or in defiance of the restrictions of the licenser and the privileges of the patent theatres, Elliston had produced *Macbeth* as "a grand ballet of action with music, &c." He was only entitled to perform "burlettas," but he contrived to em-

brace the whole British drama in that mysterious form of entertainment. Doctor Busby provided a prologue to this ballet of *Macbeth*. It was a curious composition, which reciting that "with nature and the energies of man, the reign of poesy and song began," enumerated all the great dramatists from *Æschylus* to *Shakespeare*, and concluded with a reference to the peculiar difficulties of the Surrey management:

Though not endowed with fullest powers of speech,
The poet's object we aspire to reach;
The emphatic gesture, eloquence of eye,
Scenes, music, every energy we try,
To prove we keep our duties full in view,
And what we must not say resolved to do;
Convinced that you will deem our zeal sincere,
Since more by deeds than words it will appear.

Many other addresses were afterwards written by Busby for Elliston; the great manager and his proceedings supplying sufficient themes for the poet. "They contributed to each other's fame," writes a critic; "it was a joint policy of immortality;" and it was noted at the time that although Kean was the first actor who talked of "his secretary," Elliston was the first manager who for his own greater glorification specially retained the services of a bard.

Occasionally it would seem, however, that Elliston, unable to commit to memory the rhapsodies of Busby, or preferring his own impromptu ingenuity as a speech-maker, would pause in the middle of the doctor's address, and conclude with an oration of his own contriving. Something of this kind happened at the opening of the Surrey in 1810. The first poetry lines of the managerial address were Busby's, but presently Elliston was found to be delivering in his happiest manner his own florid prose. "The poetry was conventional, the speech was special," writes Elliston's biographer, "and though the unhappy rhymester was sadly shorn on the evening in question, he had the satisfaction of viewing himself at full length in the newspaper columns of the following morning."

When the committee of management of Drury Lane Theatre publicly advertised in August, 1812, for an address to be spoken on the opening of the new building on the 10th of October, be sure that Doctor Busby availed himself of the opportunity to exercise his muse. It does not appear from the terms of the advertisement that any reward was offered for the most successful poem. But no doubt an understanding prevailed that the chosen bard would be duly recompensed. Nearly a gross of addresses was sent in, each in obedience to the pro-

visions of the invitation, "sealed up, with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper containing the name of the author." These addresses, "some written by men of great, some by men of little, and some by men of no talent," were all rejected. At the last moment a prologue was supplied by Lord Byron, a member of the committee. Probably it had been from the first intended that his lordship should be the poet of the occasion.

Of the numerous discarded bards, Doctor Busby was the most angry and disappointed. Fully convinced of its surpassing merits, he had made sure of his address being chosen before all others. Moreover, as though expressly to aggravate the sufferings of the poets, no intimation had been afforded them of the fate of their manuscripts. It is even probable that many of them had attended the theatre on the opening night in expectation of hearing their own verses delivered from the stage. The rejected candidates might surely have been spared this mortification. And the managers would have saved themselves from considerable inconvenience if they had been more alert to consult the feelings of the slighted authors. Lord Byron's address was recited by Elliston, in the dress of Hamlet, on the opening night, and was repeated after the first play on nine or ten subsequent evenings. There was a murmuring in the air and a leaven of discontent among the audience, but there would seem to have been no serious manifestation of feeling until the night of the 14th of October, when, immediately after the performance of the Hypocrite had concluded, an unknown gentleman rose in the pit and addressed the audience with great earnestness. One of the actors appeared upon the stage in accordance with the custom of that time, to announce the entertainments of the following evening. He was compelled to retire, having failed to make himself heard. The attention of the audience was engrossed by the speaker in the pit, and great confusion prevailed. The gentleman was waving a paper in his hand, and was therefore invited by his neighbours to mount to the stage and address the house from that advantageous position. This counsel the unknown followed; when in front of the footlights he was met by Mr. Raymond, the stage-manager. Both addressed the house and each other, without either making himself heard. The spectators laughed, cheered, and then hooted. Meantime, the figures

upon the stage were seen gesticulating and interchanging profound bows, after the manner of Noodle and Doodle in the burlesque of Tom Thumb. Eventually the stranger was somewhat violently removed from the stage by two police officers. This arbitrary proceeding excited great disapprobation. The concluding performances of the night were subjected to grave interruption. The stage-manager was summoned and was loudly hissed upon his entry. He endeavoured to explain that he had only acted in accordance with the duties of his office; he had but removed "an unknown person," who had attempted to disturb the representation, and he appealed to the house to know if it was regular or desirable that any one should quit the pit and appear on the stage to recite an unauthorised address. A measure of peace was restored, but Mr. Raymond left many of his auditors unconvinced of the propriety of his treatment of the "unknown person," who remains unknown to this day.

A more stormy episode was in store for the following evening relative to a rejected address. The entertainments consisted of the Rivals and the farce of Turn Out. Upon the termination of the comedy, Doctor Busby rose from his seat in the boxes, and, bowing repeatedly to all parts of the house, commenced a speech. For some minutes the tumult was so great, friends and foes were alike so vociferous, hisses and plaudits were so intermingled, that not a sentence could be heard. By his more immediate neighbours, however, the speaker was understood to say:

"I am Doctor Busby: a lover, a member of the drama, and a friend to the theatre." (Loud cheering, hisses, and cries of "Hear him!") "Ladies and gentlemen, by some I may be blamed for taking this method of addressing you, as being humiliating to a gentleman, but I can see no greater impropriety in speaking from the public box of a public theatre than from a forum, or from the hustings of an election." (Cheering and disapprobation.) "Ladies and gentlemen, for the talents and qualifications of the right honourable, noble, and illustrious lord who wrote the address which you have heard this night recited to you I have the highest respect." (Applause and hisses.) "It is well known that for several weeks the committee appointed to manage the concerns of this theatre have, by public advertisements, courted the exertions of the literary world to prepare an address to be spoken at the opening of this truly magnificent structure. This was, on their part,

noble and praiseworthy, but it must be allowed on all hands that, however right they have been in intention, they have most lamentably erred in judgment."

The noise now became so great that the doctor was unable to proceed for some minutes. Presently he went on to say that the number of persons who condescended to furnish addresses had exceeded one hundred, he believed, and those who thought that out of such a number a better could not have been selected, did not think so highly of the poetical talent of the country as he did. Among them it might be taken for granted that some were very fine. He himself knew of four or five answering to that description. Here arose loud cries of "Your own and your son's were among the number."

The orchestra now commenced playing, and drowned in music the voice of the speaker. Presently he was further interrupted by the performance of the farce. Between the acts he made an unsuccessful attempt to renew his speech. The audience were divided in opinion. Some were for hearing the doctor, some for hearing the farce. The actors ventured upon appropriate "gags." Dowton, who played Restive, charged against a misjudging world "which had rejected many of his works of genius, that he had sent twenty most noble addresses to Drury Lane Theatre, none of which had been accepted by the committee. He had, therefore, determined to go to the playhouse himself and recite them." This sally was received with great laughter and applause. And a verse of the song of Turn Out, sung by Knight, in the character of Forage, also excited great amusement:

Poor poets must often turn out, turn out,
Poor poets must often turn out,
And though often they wait,
Expecting their fate,
They discover, too late,
Like the rest they must quickly turn out.

But the doctor was not to be dismayed or silenced. The farce over, he again presented himself to the audience. "I have a strong, a powerful motive," he said, "for requesting your attention. I am a friend to this theatre. I wish to open the way to super-excellence, to bring forward strong and powerful talent instead of letting it sink into oblivion. Gentlemen, I am a friend to merit, and more especially to modest merit. My son is now in this house with an address which I had prepared for the opening of the theatre, and nothing would bring greater pride and satisfaction to me than that he should be

allowed by the managers to rehearse it on the stage, if you will give him leave."

This proposition was greeted with prolonged applause. But suddenly the speaker was roughly seized by two Bow-street officers, and dragged from the boxes. The doctor fought gallantly, and by sitting down on the stairs and grasping the banisters with all his force, he greatly hindered the efforts of the constables. A crowd was collected and chivalrously took the part of the oppressed. The officers were hustled down the stairs, while their victim was borne in triumph upon the shoulders of his friends round the corridors, and reinstated in the boxes. Smoothing his ruffled plumage, and gaining breath while the house cheered him again and again, the doctor resumed his speech. He was understood to state that he was now the champion of the rights of playgoers, as much a freeman as a conqueror, and he should now give the house an opportunity of hearing such a monologue as they had seldom heard. (Cries of "Bravo!" and "Go on!") He acknowledged their kind partiality with more than common gratitude, for more than common compliment to his muse; but he had now to mention that if they were as sincere as he was in their desire to hear his verses, they must hear them from his son, who was sitting in the pit, and who knew the monologue by heart.

Mr. George Frederick Busby, the doctor's son, now mounted to the stage. At the same moment Mr. Raymond reappeared. In obedience to the wish of the house he soon withdrew however, intimating that the management had no wish to interfere with the efforts of the reciter. Mr. Busby, junior, then began the address. But his voice was small, and the uproar was still great. With difficulty could the opening lines be heard:

When energising objects men pursue
What are the prodigies they cannot do?
A magic edifice you here survey,
Shot from the ruins of the other day.

Then came interruptions, hisses, cries of "Silence!" and laughter. The speaker was inaudible, but he persisted with his task. Thereupon he was in his turn addressed by a loud-toned gentleman in the boxes. "Mr. Busby, I would advise you to go home if you cannot make use of a stronger voice. You ought not to presume to get on that stage to detain the company if you cannot speak so that we may distinctly hear, and I must tell you that not a word of what you say can be understood here from the smallness of your voice, however large and elegant your ideas may be."

The young gentleman claimed further indulgence, and for some little time longer he was permitted to proceed with his monologue. But still he could not make himself heard. The house now took to groaning and crying "Go home!" At length he desisted, and retired from the stage, leaving his address still in part unheard. So terminated a scene that was wonderfully absurd, and must have been also irresistibly laughable.

The doctor published his address in the newspapers. He was not to be convinced of its inferiority. At his own house he gave private recitations of it, with readings from his translation of Lucretius, refreshing his audience with tea and bread-and-butter. Satire was powerless against such a poet. The Smiths' parody fell flat. Even the Parenthetical Address, by "Doctor Plagiarist," which Lord Byron hastened to publish, was felt as somewhat superfluous, a thrice slaying of the slain. The opening lines ran thus:

"When energising objects men pursue,
The Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.
"A modest monologue you here survey,"
Hisssed from the theatre "the other day,"
As if Sir Fretful wrote the "alumberous" verse,
And gave his son "the rubbish" to rehearse.

The address was directed to be spoken "in an inarticulate voice by Master P. at the opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked with inverted commas." But it was hardly worth while to accuse the doctor of plagiarism, or to consider him with any degree of gravity. He was not a foeman worthy of Lord Byron's steel, or of any one's steel, or, indeed, of steel at all employed aggressively. He could be safely trusted to make himself more than sufficiently ridiculous.

A CORNISH CARNIVAL.

A PROPER combination of business with pleasure, so as to enjoy a sufficiency of the latter while persuading oneself that one is duly discharging the former, so as to find oneself strongly impelled by duty to proceed to certain places, where, on those particular occasions, there happen to be more than ordinary attractions, though difficult of achievement, amply repays one for the pains and labour it entails. I speak with authority on this subject, because my position, as Commissioner of Drafts and Dockets, has given me a certain amount of experience. It has been my fate to be on duty in the neighbourhood of Epsom in the last days of May, and after a fortnight's

interval, to be compelled to proceed as far as Ascot. I have a recollection of attempting to console myself for having to work during Easter week, by finding that the scene of my operations lay in the Isle of Wight, and of mitigating the severity of my autumnal labours, by choosing that period of the year for the inspection of the drafts and dockets in connexion with the English Lakes. But on consideration, I am disposed to think that I never so effectively combined business with pleasure, as during the three spring months of last year, which I passed in Devonshire and Cornwall, a result mainly owing to the suggestive guidance of Mr. Cumberland.

A pleasant man, Mr. Cumberland, but not without his peculiarities; the most noticeable of these being his inability to arrive at a railway station until just as the train by which he is going is about to start; his inability to remember anybody's name, and a consequent habit of calling everybody "Mr.—Um;" and a most singular knowledge of outlying corners in all sorts of localities—city streets, country roads, and barren moors—where liquid refreshment, always phrased by him as a "glass of bitter," is procurable.

Travelling here and there in the extreme west, looking after the well-being of the drafts and dockets, I was continually coming across Mr. Cumberland, and was immensely puzzled as to the nature of his occupation. Sometimes I would see him alight at a station, spring into an open trap which was waiting for him, and be whirled away by prancing steeds. At other times he would jump out at a little bit of a platform, and go clumping up a badly-made road, in company of a gentleman evidently of the navy persuasion. I have seen him swathed in thick leather from his hips to his heels, with an oil-skin dreadnought on his back, and a fan-tailed hat on his head, and a short black pipe in his mouth, and I have beheld him radiant in blue broadcloth and white waistcoat, and low-crowned curly-brimmed hat, of the celebrated Champagne Charley pattern, perched rakishly on his head, while he languidly puffed an odorous cigar. He was known to all the station-masters and guards on the line, with whom he held muttered conferences about spare timber-trucks, and taking this in conjunction with the fact that I once met him riding, with great difficulty, a very obstinate looking pony, in the midst of a thick wood, and pointing out what

he mentioned as "likely lots" to his companion, I imagined him to be a timber merchant. But the very next day, encountering him in the train, bearing in his hand a shining wooden box, which looked as if it contained an accordion, and noticing that whenever the train stopped at a station mysterious-looking men with their fustian trousers strapped up round their knees, and with acres of red clay upon their heavy boots, came up and held whispered communication with him, I changed my idea, and finally discovered that he was a superior employé in the out-door service of the Telegraph Department, clear-headed, active, and intelligent, as that service demands. Let me try to recal one of those pleasant trips, undertaken in Mr. Cumberland's company, amongst the great barren moors, green headlands, red cliffs, and shining blue seas, in the lovely West of England.

It is eight o'clock on a bright morning in the early days of May, and I am seated in the Cornwall train under the wretched shed which does duty for a terminal station at Plymouth. The engine has its steam up, the guards are rushing to and fro, slamming the doors, and I am becoming very anxious about Mr. Cumberland, when that worthy slips into the station and takes his seat beside me just as the wheels begin to revolve. Business enters but little into our projects for this day, at least so far as I am concerned, though I notice that throughout our progress, wherever a telegraph wire or post is to be seen, Mr. Cumberland's quick eye is roving in their direction, and from time to time he makes little entries in his note-book. We are bound for the little Cornish town of Helston, where, from time immemorial, high festival has been held on the 8th of May, and quaint old rites performed, at the celebration of which we have determined to be present. We have, however, rather a long journey to make, and our way lies through some of the most beautiful and interesting portions of the county. Past Devonport, where our third-class is boarded by a number of soldiers and sailors, some holiday-making, some changing their stations, and where we get a fine view of the Hamoaze, where lie, rotting and useless, and representing many hundreds of thousands of pounds, some fifty of the wooden walls of Old England, many of which were being built when the iron walls of Old England suddenly came into fashion, and consequently have never been finished, never rigged,

manned, or officered, and have known no other water than that mixture of fresh Tamar and salt sea, which forms the Hamoaze anchorage. Now through the Saltash viaduct (which, crossing the Tamar, carries the railway, at a height of one hundred feet above the water, from the hills of Devon to the hills of Cornwall, which is three hundred feet longer than the far-famed Britannia Tube, and pleasanter, in the fact that its sides are open, giving one a view of the broad winding river, and the lovely scenery on its banks); past Saltash village, straggling up the cliff, with its irregular succession of fishermen's whitewashed cottages, reaching from the shore below to the railway above; now thundering over the dangerous-looking wooden viaducts, which are so numerous on this line, past St. Germans, erst the home of Sir John Eliot, Hampden's friend, and the subject of Mr. Forster's admirable biography, past Menheniot, where we get the first sound of a true Cornish name, and so on to Liskeard. We have no chance now for a divergence to Looe, prettiest and quaintest of unspoiled seaside villages, where the fishers dwell in their primitive simplicity, even though on the way we should be enabled to visit the Well of St. Keyne, the miraculous powers of whose waters in awarding supremacy in conjugal disputes are celebrated in Southey's well-known ballad. No time to stop at Doublebois (a name which, pronounced by the porters "Double boys," brings pathetic reminiscences to the parents of male twins); no time to catch more than a fleeting glimpse of the lovely tower and spire of Lostwithiel Church—unique in its beauty, or of the broad sands and breaking waves just visible as we flit by Par; no time to visit the Fowey Consolidated Mines, whose enormous works rear their great cross-trees within our sight, and whose "ticketings" are quoted weekly in the London journals. Villa residences dotted here and there, so different in their smug gentility from the grand old country seats which we have occasionally seen in the distance on our route, proclaim our approach to the outskirts of a large town, and soon we see lying beneath us the church-tower and the handsome public buildings, and the hilly streets of Truro. Here we leave our carriage, which proceeds to Penzance, and enter another train bound for Falmouth. In it, however, we go no further than the next station, Penryn, where Mr. Cumberland bids me alight, disappearing

himself immediately afterwards, as he mutters something relative to a "glass of bitter."

At the little Penryn station there are several conveyances, public and private, for the transport of passengers to Helston, which is some seven miles off; farmers' gigs, roomy, rumbling vehicles, never now seen in more civilized places, a smart dog-cart, into which jump two well-dressed, good-looking young men, who have been the subjects of much salutation from the bystanders, and a stage-coach with three horses harnessed unicorn fashion, on which we take our seats. "Davey's" coach is well known in these parts, and has always a fair complement of passengers, but to-day its load is excessive. I on the seat behind the driver and between Mr. Cumberland and a youth who has a day's holiday from his private tutor, and who takes care to let us know the fact, as though it gave him dignity and status. He is smoking a very nasty cigar, and delighting in the conversation of the passenger on the other side of him, a recruiting sergeant of dragoons, a bumptious, swaggering varlet, with his hair flattened with grease to his head, and his great coarse moustache waxed and lacquered. He is an Irishman, but tries desperately hard to disguise his brogue, and the stories of experiences in life which he pours into the ear of the silly boy so eagerly listening to them, were not of the "battles, sieges, fortunes, he had passed," but of the delights of dissipation in Knightsbridge Music Hall and Aldershot canteens, and Portsmouth dancing-houses. He has but a poor opinion of the service in which he is engaged, and speaks of it disparagingly, but he leers horribly as he mentions the fascination which the uniform has for women, and the vicious laziness of his life. He has, it appears, great hopes of ensnaring some of the bumpkins who will be present at the Helston festivities; probably his expectations are not ill-founded, as the country people, who are our fellow-passengers, are perpetually staring at this blustering hero with evident wonder and admiration.

This military gasconade is not commenced until we have reached the foot of the steep and winding hill, in driving his horses down which the hard-featured coachman had to exercise no little skill and caution (indeed, during the descent I noticed the hero clinging very tightly to the iron rail against which he sat), and by the time

we reached the opposite eminence, whence we have a long level stretch into the heart of the country, I am too much occupied with the lovely view of Falmouth harbour, lying as it were immediately below us, to pay any further attention to the ill-timed chatter. Mr. Cumberland, who, as he himself says, "has poled and wired every mile of the county," is an excellent guide, pointing out every interesting place, and being admirably stocked with local stories and traditions. From him I learn that, according to the popular legend, Helston owes its name to a huge block of granite, which was less than a century ago to be seen in the courtyard at the Angel Inn, but which about that time was broken up and used as part of the building material of the assembly-room then erected. This stone the country folk believe originally lay at the mouth of hell, whence it was one day carried away by the devil, who intended to put it to some diabolical use. But as his satanic majesty was crossing the county of Cornwall, he was encountered by St. Michael, the guardian saint of the town. A fight ensued, in which the devil being defeated, took to his heels or wings, and dropped the hell-stone in his flight. In commemoration of this event the inhabitants instituted the festival at which we are about to assist, the Floral, or Furry Day, which, whatever its origin, has undoubtedly, from time immemorial, been held on the 8th of May. With edifying gravity Mr. Cumberland requests me on no account to let it be known to any of the inhabitants that our visit has relation to business of any kind, inasmuch that, according to custom, any person who can be detected at work on Furry Day is instantly seized and carried astride upon a pole to the river, into which, if he does not buy his release at a pretty liberal price, he is forthwith flung. Indeed, according to Mr. Cumberland, the pleasure indulged in by the Helstonians is in itself quite enough labour for that day at least. The fun commences at nine o'clock, when they assemble at the grammar school and demand their prescriptive holiday. Then, a general subscription having been made to defray the expenses, they proceed into the fields and woods, whence they return laden with armfuls of flowers and branches of trees. "What do they do then?" I ask, but Mr. Cumberland, laughingly declines to state. I must see that with my own eyes, he says, and he will not by any description anticipate my amusement. Besides, even

if he agrees to tell me, there is no time, as we are there.

Garlands of flowers festooned across the road, flags flying from nearly every window, shops all closed, main street so crammed with folks in holiday clothes, that it is with great difficulty we can get up to the Angel door, bells ringing, general glee, happiness, and perspiration—these are what I find at Helston. The last item is, I notice, most profuse in a certain number of people of both sexes, and of all ages, who are the recipients of great attention from their fellow townspeople. I am about to inquire what these worthies may have been doing, but all I can see of Mr. Cumberland is the end of his coat-skirt vanishing into the Angel, where, following in hot pursuit, I find him perfectly at home. The hall and passages are crammed, the coffee-room and commercial-room are overflowing, thirsty men, clamorous for liquor, are wedged on the stairs, or clinging like bees to the balustrades; but Mr. Cumberland has calmly made his way to the inner bar, and there is seated, smiling and happy, with a "glass of bitter" by his side. He knows Mrs. Bennett, of course (what tourist wandering through the Lizard district does not know and respect that queen of old-fashioned landladies, in whose hotel the acme of cleanliness and comfort is to be found?); he knows the four or five bouncing, cherry-checked waitresses in their clean gowns and smart caps, who laugh and say "La, now!" as he addresses them each by their christian name; he knows a commercial who travels in cider and another who travels in hides; he has a pleasant word for every one, and makes himself so agreeable that he manages to find a place for me by his side without evoking any discontent.

I am in the midst of my luncheon, when I hear a few notes played by a band outside, and one of the extremely warm gentlemen whom I had previously noticed, a little man in spectacles, with damp whiskers and shirt-collar, rushes into the bar, calling out, "Second round! Take your partners, we are starting for the second round." At this invitation everybody jumps up with alacrity, and rushes into the outer court, where, following them, I find the volunteer band, whose music I had previously heard. Looking at the band it strikes me that I am not the only person who has been lunching. There is a redness in the faces of its members, and a wild vigour in their style of playing,

which are, to say the least of them, curious. Notably eccentric is the drummer, who, round his volunteer uniform cap, had twined an enormous wreath of flowers, which hangs gracefully over his face, thus rendering him a pleasing combination of Mars and Flora.

As soon as the notes of the "Furry" tune (a well-known Cornish air heard constantly throughout the county, and to be found in Mr. Chappell's collection of Ancient English Melodies) are heard, the bystanders gravely take their partners, and commence dancing a step, which is half jig, half polka. In amazement I see grey-whiskered men in black broadcloth whirling round with girls in book-muslin, and stout matrons clinging desperately to tall, weedy boys. All sorts and conditions join the throng; the Cornish tarantula has bitten them, and they are off! Preceded by the band, the drunken drummer banging at his instrument with the heartiest goodwill, and having the way cleared for them by a fussy old policeman, the long procession dances down the passage of the Angel into the main street. Then in at the side door of the next house, through the back parlour, the furniture of which has been heaped up on one side to permit of their progress, down the centre of the shop, and out into the street again! This goes on through countless houses, and through whole streets. Whenever the head of the procession emerges it is received with roars of delight; whenever the tail of the procession disappears it is followed by numerous adherents, who join on, and begin dancing too. The "Furry" tune is quaint and provocative in its melody; its effects on Mr. Cumberland, coupled, perhaps, with those of the various "glasses of bitter," are such, that to my alarm and astonishment, he forthwith announces his intention of "having a turn," and casts his eyes round among the assembled maidens, in search of one with whom to share the pleasures of the dance. It is only by pointing out to him the loss of official dignity which he must inevitably sustain, the impossibility of doing business the next day with a man who, twenty-four hours previously had seen him capering to the music of an intoxicated band, that I can induce him to refrain, and even then he wags his head, and beats time with his feet, and follows the dancers, cheering them to the echo.

There are three or four of these "rounds"

during the day, during the course of which nearly all the houses in the town, freely thrown open, are steadily danced through. Nor does the terpsichorean mania there end; for, as I understand, about nine in the evening, the better classes of the townspeople meet in the ball-room of the Angel, and dance away until dawn. These rites, however, are not for me, nor, indeed, for Mr. Cumberland, who, in the midst of all his pleasure, is mindful of business, and remembers that he has to be up betimes the next day. So we once again climb on to Davey's coach, and through the sweet spring evening air are carried back to Penryn, taking with us into the rattling train a pleasant reminiscence of the quaint celebration at which we have assisted, and of the lovely appearance of Falmouth harbour, bathed in the moonlight, which we caught a glimpse of ere we were borne away by the steam dragon.

THE PASSING BELL.

THE mist creeps upward from the shadowy vale,

The mist hangs thickly o'er the little town,
The swollen river stirs its willows pale.

The swollen rill foams murky from the down.

The heavy drops upon the cold winds float,

The long gray grasses rustle in the dell,

And from the minster towers, note by note,

Booms the deep echo of the Passing Bell.

The Passing Bell, it wont of old to say,

"Pray for the parting soul, ye Christians all."

The eager traveller paused upon his way,

The busy peasant let his mattock fall.

The loiterer crossed his brow and hushed his jest,

The laughing child laid by his latest toy,

The solemn summons thrilling every breast,

Waking to prayer, love, business, grief, and joy.

Advancing years our ancient customs steal,

We toll the bell when all is over now,

When our stern truthful creed no late appeal,

Against our God's great dictum can allow.

But human agony, but human loss,

For the tree fallen, for the darling gone,

But nature's cry beneath the bitter cross,

Wails in the Passing Bell's funeral tone.

Thy wild wet dawn, oh year so newly born,

Thy days by fever's lurid lustre lit,

Thy nights of sobbing rain and winds forlorn,

Well does the dirge thy gloomy mood befit!

Pass thou—let winter hear the sad earth's prayers,

Come to thy throne usurped, gay glittering frost;

With pale blue skies, and keen health-giving airs,

And crisp dead leaves on fresh north breezes tossed.

CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

NEWGATE AND THE GORDON RIOTS.

THERE is nothing that more strikingly proves the utter want of imagination in the ordinary run of people than the habit in cities of naming a street, terrace, or square "New;" nor are Londoners more imaginative than others. Some recent to-

pographer counts up in the metropolis no fewer than one hundred and eighty streets which bear this appellation which has long ago become a misnomer. Newgate is not very new now, for it has been a prison since King John's time. The present building dates back to a year after the Gordon riots, and four of the allegorical figures that adorn its south front are as old as 1672. It was originally the fifth of the seven gates of London Wall, and was erected, according to Stow, in the reign of Henry the First, or Stephen, when St. Paul's was rebuilding, and the highway from Aldgate and Cheap to Ludgate was stopped up. It was repaired in 1422 by the executors of the famous Whittington, lord mayor, and on that account the figure of Liberty which used to adorn the building had a cat at its feet. It was large enough for its purpose in 1672, when it was rebuilt; but London vice and crime soon out-grew the prison, and the result was such a crowding of felons that at once produced disorder and immorality, and disease and death followed remorselessly as ever on their track. The ventilation was bad, the water insufficient, and the room altogether inadequate. In his evidence before the House of Commons, Mr. Akerman, one of the keepers of Newgate, stated that, independently of great mortality among the prisoners, nearly two sets of turnkeys had died of jail-fever since he had been in office; and that at the memorable spring sessions in 1750, two of the judges, the lord mayor, several of the jury, and others, to the number of sixty persons and upwards, had died of the Newgate jail-distemper. The result was, that a new building was proposed by George Dance, the architect of the Mansion House; and on the 31st of May, 1770, Alderman Beckford laid the first stone.

The work evidently went on but slowly, for in 1780, when the old prison was burnt by the Gordon rioters, the new prison was not yet completed. The building was then pushed on; and in 1783, Tyburn was abandoned, and the first execution took place before the walls of Newgate.

The jail-birds that have rubbed their hideous faces against Newgate bars, have not been remarkable for the milder virtues. The mere burglar shone a saint among such villainous murderers and highwaymen as Jerry Abershaw and Blueskin, Galloping Dick and Sarah Malcolm; but still the prison has held good men with large hearts and pure hands, for Penn

thought over Christian charity in Newgate, and De Foe wrote there brave words against tyranny and intolerance.

The first great instance of prison-breaking from Newgate occurred in 1724, when the escapes of that nimble thief, Jack Sheppard, were for a time the talk of all London. On August the 30th, in that year, Sheppard and Blueskin were sentenced to death for stealing cloth from a Mr. Kneebone, a draper in the Strand, who had apprenticed Sheppard. Nimble Jack first broke off the spike from a hatch in the lodge at Newgate, leading from the condemned hole, and by the assistance of two women who came to see him at the hatch, was pulled through, and so escaped. On being retaken at Finchley, where he was hiding, the jailers threw the quick-eyed young thief into a strong room called the Castle, handcuffed him, loaded him with a heavy pair of irons, and chained him to a stout staple in the floor. People of all ranks came to see him, and all gave him money, but extreme care was taken that no one should pass him a chisel or file. One quiet afternoon, when the keepers were busy at the sessions, Jack went to work. He had already found a small nail, with which he could unfasten his chain from the floor. He then slipped off his handcuffs, and then fastened up his fetters as high as he could with his garters. In getting up the chimney, being stopped by an iron bar, he worked it out with a piece of his broken chain; with this weapon he soon forced his way into the Red Room over the Castle, and there found a large nail, which was in the highest degree useful to him. The Red Room door had not been opened for seven years; but Jack wrenched off the lock in less than seven minutes, and got into the passage leading to the chapel. To force a bolted door here, he broke a hole through the wall, and so pushed back the bolt; with an iron spike from the chapel door he got into an entry between the chapel and the lower leads. In the dark, Sheppard forced the box of the lock of the door of this entry. The next door being also locked, he forced that also. It was now eight o'clock; he now unbolted another door, and got over a wall to the upper leads. He then boldly went back for his blanket, as he resolved to alight on a turner's house adjoining Newgate. He made the blanket fast to the wall of Newgate, and sliding down, dropped on the turner's leads just as the clock struck nine. He got in at a

garret window, and stole softly downstairs—a woman of the house hearing his irons clink, but thinking it was the cat—and let himself out. Just after twelve he passed by the watch-house of St. Sepulchre, and going up Gray's-inn-lane, hid himself in a cow-house in the fields near Tottenham-court. The next day he bribed a shoemaker with twenty shillings to procure him a smith's hammer and punch, and he then got rid of his irons. A few nights after he broke into a pawnbroker's shop in Drury-lane, stole a sword, some coats, snuff-boxes, rings, and watches, and rigged himself out in wig, ruffled shirt, silver-hilted sword, diamond ring, and gold watch. That same night, getting drunk, he was retaken and thrown into Newgate. Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law, painted his portrait in prison; and he was hung at Tyburn on the 16th of November, in the twenty-third year of his age. An opera and a farce were founded upon his adventures, and allusions to him were made by several City preachers of the day.

Of the state of Newgate in 1744 we have a very interesting record in the autobiography of that most excellent self-denying man, Silas Told, one of Wesley's school-teachers. His narrative shows us what vast good was effected by the Wesleyan missionaries in a corrupt city, at a time when our Church was rich and fat as it was lazy and intolerant. A sermon by Wesley, on the text, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not," struck like an arrow in the conscience of Told, and the faint whisper of the inner voice roused him as if it had been a thunder-call from heaven. He felt it was his duty to visit prisoners; and, a few days after, a messenger came to the school, begging that some one might be sent to visit ten malefactors then under sentence of death. In the Wesleyan language, "they were all much awakened; one of them, named John Lancaster, was converted, and appeared full of the love of God." Told went to Newgate, and desired Lancaster to call his companions together into his cell. They all "seemed clear of their acceptance;" and Lancaster said that "that morning, about four o'clock, his conversion had taken place."

Out of these ten men, the death-warrants came down for eight; the other two, who remained hard and impenitent, were respited. The night before their execution the keeper had been requested to lock them

all together in one cell, that they might unite in prayer; and in the morning early, Silas Told and Sarah Peters, another school-teacher, visited them. "When the men were led down from the cell, they appeared like giants refreshed with wine, nor was the fear of death apparent on any of their countenances." Then going up to the chapel, Told and the young woman conversed with them in the press-yard room. Upon being called out to have their irons taken off, Lancaster came first. While they were unfettering his legs, in presence of the sheriff, Lancaster looked up to heaven with a pleasant smile, and said: "Glory be to God for the first moment of my entrance into this place! For before I came hither my heart was as hard as my cell wall, and my soul was as black as hell; but O, I am now washed, clearly washed from all my sins, and by one o'clock shall be with Jesus in paradise;" and he then exhorted the spectators to flee from the wrath to come.

The sheriff shed tears at hearing this, and asked Mr. Lancaster if he was in earnest, "being so greatly affected with his lively and animated spirits." When their irons were taken off they were remanded back to the press-yard room; but by some accident the smiths were a long time removing the last man's fetters. When he approached, Lancaster clapped his hands together and shouted with joy: "Here comes another of our little flock!" Then when the time came for the eight condemned men to get into the cart, Lancaster exhorted the populace to forsake their sins and to come to the throne of grace.

After this, Told formed a sort of religious society, thirty-six of the Newgate debtors being the first members. "Sometimes I conversed in public among the felons," says this excellent man; "and the Lord is witness to the horrible scenes and the dreadful emblem of the infernal pit which was there portrayed, consisting of swearing, cursing, blasphemies, and foul conversation." For several years, Told says, he met with repulses from the keepers and ordinary, as well as from the prisoners themselves. On Sunday mornings, Mr. Taylor, the ordinary, stationed himself near the door at Newgate to obstruct Told's entrance. On Sundays this good man preached to forty of the prisoners on the debtors' side, and formed them into an organised Wesleyan congregation. Some of Told's experiences among the criminals of Newgate were of a singular kind. The

most remarkable case in his autobiography is that of six gentlemen, who, getting drunk at an election dinner at Chelmsford, went out and committed a highway robbery. One of these unfortunate men was Mr. Brett, the son of a Dublin clergyman; the second, Mr. Whalley, a country gentleman; a third, Mr. Morgan, an officer in the navy, engaged to be married to Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, the Duke of Hamilton's daughter. After ceaseless importunities, the king, George the Second, pardoned Mr. Morgan, but only on condition that he should not hear of the respite till at the place of execution. The poor fellow fainted when the sheriff produced the respite, and they loosened the halter, and lifted him out of the cart; and he was then put into a coach, in which Lady Hamilton was seated, and driven back, only half recovered by his love's tears and kisses, to Newgate. The other culprits, not a bit more guilty than the lucky lover of a duke's daughter were hung without mercy. Told, indefatigable in doing good, also attended to the last three of the Spitalfields weavers, who were hung for the "halter riots" at Bethnal-green. He has also left a minute account of the behaviour of Mrs. Brownrigg, who flogged to death her apprentice in Flower-de-Luce-court. The wretched hag confessed to him that when taken at Wands-worth she had hidden a clasp-knife in her stays, intending to stab herself, and prevent the shame and reproach of a public execution. On the day of execution, when the spectators (especially the women) were very cruel—cursing her, cheering, and throwing stones and mud—Told attended the penitent woman to the last. As he sat with her in the cart, after the executioner had tied her up to the gallows, at the Fleet-street end of Fetter-lane, Mrs. Brownrigg said to him, a horrible dread distorting her countenance: "Mr. Told, I have many times passed by this place, and always experienced that, when near this spot, a dreadful horror seized me, for fear that one day or other I should come to be hanged; this enters afresh on my mind now, and greatly terrifies me."

From the Old Bailey Session Papers for June, 1780, we gather a very vivid and picturesque notion of the attack on Newgate during the Gordon riots. The mob came pouring down Holborn, between six and seven o'clock, on the evening of the 6th of June. There were three flags carried by the ringleaders—the first of green silk, with a Protestant motto; the second, dirty blue, with a red cross; the

third, a flag of the Protestant Union. A sailor named Jackson had hoisted the second flag in Palace-yard, when Justice Hyde had launched a party of horse upon the people; and when the rabble had sacked the justice's house in St. Martin's-street, Jackson shouted, "Newgate, a-hoy!" and led the people on to the Old Bailey. Mr. Akerman, a friend of Boswell's, and one of the keepers of Newgate, had had intimation of the danger two hours before, when a friend of one of the prisoners called upon him just as he was packing up his plate for removal, told him "he should be the one hung presently," and cursed him. Exactly at seven, one of the rioters knocked at Mr. Akerman's door, which had been already barred, bolted, and chained. A maid-servant had just put up the shutters, when the glass over the hall-door was dashed into her face. The ringleader who knocked was better dressed than the rest, and wore a dark brown coat and a round hat. The man knocked three times, and rang three times; then, finding no one came, ran down the steps, "made his obeisance to the mob," pointed to the door, then retired. The mob was perfectly organised, and led by about thirty men walking three abreast. Thirty men carried iron crowbars, mattocks, and chisels, and after them followed "an innumerable company," armed with bludgeons and the spokes of cart-wheels. The band instantly divided into three parts—one set went to work at Mr. Akerman's door with the mattocks, a second went to the debtors' door, and a third to the felons'. A shower of bludgeons instantly demolished the windows of the keeper's house; and while these sticks were still falling in showers, two men, one of them a mad Quaker, the son of a rich corn-factor, who wore a mariner's jacket, came forward with a scaffold-pole, and drove it like a battering-ram at the parlour shutters. A lad in a sailor's jacket then got on a man's shoulders, and jammed in the half-broken shutters with furious blows of his bullet head. A chimney-sweeper's boy then scrambled in, cheered by the mob, and after him the mad Quaker. A moment more and the Quaker appeared at the first-floor window, flinging out pictures into the street. Presently, the second parlour window gave way, the house door was forced, and the furniture and broken chattels in the street were set in a blaze. All this time a circle of men, better dressed than the rest, stood in the Old Bailey, exciting and encouraging the rioters. The leader of these sympathisers was a negro

servant, named Benjamin Bowsey, afterwards hung for his share in the riot. One of the leaders in this attack was a mad waiter from the St. Albans Tavern, named Thomas Haycock; he was very prominent, and he swore that there should not be a prison standing in London on the morrow, and that the Bishop of London's house and the Duke of Norfolk's should come down that night. They were well supported, he shouted to the mob, for there were six or seven noblemen and members of Parliament on their side. This man helped to break up a bureau, and collected sticks to burn down the doors of Akerman's house. While Akerman's house was still burning, the servants escaping over the roofs, and Akerman's neighbours were down among the mob, entreating them to spare the houses of innocent persons, a waiter, who wore a hat with a blue cockade in it, named Francis Mockford, went up to the prison-gate and held up the main key, and shouted to the turnkeys, "D—you, here is the key of Newgate; open the door!" Mockford, who was eventually sentenced to death for this riot, afterwards took the prison keys and flung them over Westminster Bridge. George Sims, a tripeman in St. James's Market, always forward in street quarrels, then went up to the great gate in the Old Bailey with some others, and swore desperately that he would have the gates down—curse him, he would have the gates down! Then the storm broke; the mob rushed on the gate with the sledge-hammers and pickaxes they had stolen from coachmakers, blacksmiths, and braziers in Drury-lane and Long-acre, and plied them with untiring fury. The tripeman, who carried a bludgeon, urged them on; and the servant of Akerman, having known the man for several years, called to him through the hatch, "Very well, Mr. George the tripeman; I shall mark you in particular!" Then John Glover, a black, a servant of a Mr. Phillips, a barrister in Lincoln's Inn, who was standing on the steps leading to the felons' gate (the main gate), dressed in a rough short jacket, and a round hat trimmed with dirty silver lace, thumped at the door with a gun-barrel, which he afterwards tried to thrust through the grating into the faces of the turnkeys, while another split the door with a hatchet. The mob, finding they could not force the stones out round the hatch, then piled Akerman's shattered furniture, and placing it against the gates, set the heap on fire.

Nine or ten times the gate caught fire,

and as often the turnkeys inside pushed down the burning furniture with broomsticks, which they pushed through the hatch, and kept swilling the gates with water, in order to cool them, and to keep the lead that soldered the hinges from melting and giving way. But all their efforts were in vain; for the flames, now spreading fast from Akerman's house, gradually burnt into the fore-lodge and chapel, and set the different wards one after the other on fire. Crabbe the poet, who was there as a spectator, describes seeing the prisoners come up out of the dark cells with their heavy irons, and looking pale and scared. Some of them were carried off on horseback, their irons still on, in triumph by the mob, who then went and burnt down the Fleet. At the trial of Richard Hyde, the poor mad Quaker, who had been one of the first to scramble through Mr. Akerman's windows, the most conclusive proofs were brought forward of the prisoner's insanity. A grocer in Bishopsgate-street, with whom he had lodged, deposed to his burning a Bible, and to his thrashing him. One day at the Doctor Butler's Head, in Coleman-street, the crazed fellow had come in and pretended to cast the nativities of persons drinking there. He also prophesied how long each of them would live. On hearing this evidence, the prisoner broke out: "Well, and they might live three hundred years, if they knew how to live; but they gorge themselves like aldermen. Callipash or callipee kills half the people." It was also shown that, the night after the burning of Newgate, the prisoner came to a poor woman's house in Bedford-court, Covent-garden, and he then wore an old grey great-coat and a flapped hat, painted blue. As the paint was wet, the woman asked him to let her dry it. He replied, "No, you are a fool; my hat is blue" (the Protestant colour); "it is the colour of the heavens. I would not have it dried for the world." When the woman brought him a pint of beer, he drank once, and then pushed it angrily on one side. He then said, "I have tasted it once, I must taste it three times; it is against the heavens to drink only once out of a pot." Doctor Munro, the physician who attended George the Third in his madness, deposed to the insanity both of the prisoner's father and the prisoner. He was sent to a mad-house.

Crabbe, who, having failed as a surgeon and apothecary down at Aldborough, his native place, had just come up to London to earn his bread as a poet, and being on the

brink of starvation, was about to apply to Burke for patronage and bread. Rambling in a purposeless way about London to while away the miserable time, the young poet happened to reach the Old Bailey just as the ragged rioters set it on fire to warm their Protestantism. Suddenly, at a turning out of Ludgate-hill, on his way back to his lodgings at a hairdresser's near the Exchange, a scene of terror and horror broke red upon the view of the mild young Suffolk apothecary. The new prison, Crabbe, in his Journal (June the 8th), kept for the perusal of his Myra, says, was a very large, strong, and beautiful building, having two wings besides Mr. Akerman's house, and strong intermediate works and other adjuncts. Akerman had four rioters in custody, and these rascals the mob demanded. He begged he might send to the sheriff, but this was not permitted. "How he escaped, or where he is gone, I know not; but just at the time I speak of, they set fire to his house, broke in, and threw every piece of furniture they could find into the street, firing them also in an instant. The engines came" (they were mere squirts in those days), "but were only suffered to preserve the private houses near the prison." This was about half-past seven. "As I was standing near the spot, there approached another body of men—I suppose five hundred—and Lord George Gordon in a coach drawn by the mob, towards Alderman Bull's, bowing as he passed along. He is a lively-looking young man in appearance, and nothing more, though just now the reigning hero. By eight o'clock Akerman's house was in flames. I went close to it, and never saw anything so dreadful. The prison was, as I said, a remarkably strong building; but, determined to force it, they broke the gates with crows and other instruments, and climbed up the outside of the cell part, which joins the two great wings of the building, where the felons were confined; and I stood where I plainly saw their operations. They broke the roof, tore away the rafters, and having got ladders, they descended. Not Orpheus himself had more courage or better luck. Flames all around them, and a body of soldiers expected, they defied and laughed at all opposition. The prisoners escaped. I stood and saw about twelve women and eight men ascend from their confinement to the open air, and they were conducted through the streets in their chains. Three of these were to be hanged on Friday" (Newgate was burnt on the Tuesday).

"You have no conception of the frenzy of the multitude. This being done, and Akerman's house now a mere shell of brickwork, they kept a store of flame there for other purposes. It became red-hot, and the doors and windows appeared like the entrance to so many volcanoes. With some difficulty they then fired the debtors' prison, broke the doors, and they, too, all made their escape. Tired of the scene, I went home, and returned again at eleven o'clock at night. I met large bodies of horse and foot soldiers, coming to guard the Bank, and some houses of Roman Catholics near it. Newgate was at the time open to all; any one might get in, and, what was never the case before, any one might get out. I did both, for the people now were chiefly lookers-on. The mischief was done, and the doors of it gone to another part of the town" (to Bloomsbury-square, to burn Lord Mansfield's house). "But I must not omit what struck me most: about ten or twelve of the mob getting to the top of the debtors' prison, whilst it was burning, to halloo. They appeared robed in black smoke mixed with sudden bursts of fire—like Milton's infernals, who were as familiar with flame as with each other."

On the Wednesday, the day after the fire, a big carelessly-dressed man worked his way to the ruins from Bolt-court, Fleet-street. The burly man's name was Doctor Samuel Johnson, and he wrote to Mrs. Thrale and her husband a brief account of what had happened since the Friday before. On that day Lord George Gordon and the mob went to Westminster, and that night the Protestants burnt the Catholic chapel in Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. On Monday they gutted Sir George Saville's house in Leicester-square; on Tuesday pulled down the house of Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate and the novelist's half-brother, in Bow-street; and the same night burnt Newgate, Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury, and a Catholic chapel in Moorfields. On Wednesday they burnt the Fleet and the King's Bench, and attacked the Bank of England, but were driven off by a party of constables headed by John Wilkes.

"On Wednesday," says the doctor, to come to what he actually saw himself, "I walked with Doctor Scott to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions House at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at

leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place. On Wednesday they broke open the Fleet, and the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and Woodstreet Compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and released all the prisoners, and some people were threatened. Mr. Strahan advised me to take care of myself; and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful. . . . Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered; but the high sport was to burn the jails. This was a good rabble trick. The debtors and criminals were all set at liberty; but of the criminals, as has always happened, many are already retaken, and two pirates have surrendered themselves, and it is expected that they will be pardoned." And then follows a fine touch of irony: "Jack" (Wilkes) "who was always zealous for order and decency, declares that if he be trusted with power he will not leave a rioter alive. There is, however, now no longer any need of heroism or bloodshed; no blue ribbon" (the badge of the rioters) "is any longer worn." As for Thrale, his brewery escaped pretty well: the men gave away a cask or two of beer to the mob, and when the rioters came on a second and more importunate visit, the soldiers received them.

Boswell, always bent on scraping acquaintance, however intrusively, with any famous or notorious person, had been introduced to Mr. Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, long before the Gordon riots. Boswell, who loved a hanging almost as well as George Selwyn, says that his "esteemed friend Mr. Akerman discharged his very important trust with intrepid firmness, tenderness, and charity;" and he tells an interesting story of Akerman's courage and promptitude, the recital of which won for him the praise both of Johnson and Burke.

Many years before the Gordon riots a fire broke out in the brick addition to the old jail. The frightened prisoners, breaking into a tumult, began to shout, "We shall be burnt! we shall be burnt! Down with the gate!" Akerman at once hurried down, showed himself at the gate, and after long confused shouts of "Hear him! hear him!" obtained silence. He then calmly told the men that the gate must not come down, that they were under his care, and could not be permitted to escape. He could, he said, assure them that there

was no fear, for the fire was not in the stone prison; and that if they would be quiet, he then promised to come in among them, and lead them to a further end of the building; offering, in addition, not to leave them till they were reassured, and gave him leave. To this generous proposal they agreed. Mr. Akerman then, having first made them fall back from the gate, lest they should be tempted to break out, went in, closed the gate, and, with the determined resolution of an ancient Roman, ordered the outer turnkey upon no account to unbar the gate, even though the prisoners should break their word (which he trusted they would not), and by force bring him to order it. "Never mind me," said he, "should that happen." The prisoners then peaceably followed him through passages of which he had the keys to a part of the jail the farthest from the fire. Having, by this judicious conduct, says Boswell, fully satisfied them that there was no immediate risk, if any at all, he then addressed them: "Gentlemen, you are now convinced that I told you true. I have no doubt that the engines will soon extinguish this fire. If they should not, a sufficient guard will come, and you shall be all taken out and lodged in the compters. I assure you, upon my word and honour, that I have not a farthing insured. I have left my house that I might take care of you. I will keep my promise, and stay with you, if you insist upon it; but if you will allow me to go out and look after my family and property, I shall be obliged to you." Struck with this courage, truthfulness, and honourable sense of duty, the felons shouted: "Master Akerman, you have done bravely. It was very kind of you. By all means go and take care of your own concerns." He did so accordingly; and they remained, and were all preserved. Doctor Johnson said of this man, whom Wellington would have esteemed: "Sir, he who has long had constantly in his view the worst of mankind, and is yet eminent for the humanity of his disposition, must have had it originally in a high degree, and continued to cultivate it very carefully."

LELGARDE'S INHERITANCE.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER V.

ALMOST before light on the following morning, I was conscious of a soft kiss on my cheek, and mischievous fingers pulling my hair; and, opening my sleepy eyes, I beheld Lelgarde, to my astonishment, not

only up and dressed, but equipped for walking: her scarlet cloak wrapped round her, her black hat, with its long white cock's feather, on her head, sable muff, dainty Balmoral boots, looped-up dress, and bat's-wing petticoat, all complete.

"My dear, are you quite mad?" was my natural exclamation.

"People are mad who lie in bed on sparkling frosty mornings like this," she answered, throwing up the window, and pointing to the clear red dawn; "look there, you lazy woman, look there! Come, make haste, Joany; I have set my heart on an early walk; we will go to the farm, and get a draught of milk from the cow."

"Shut the window, then, for pity's sake," said I, with a rueful glance at my bath, in all its icy horrors, which, at that hour, there was no hope of mitigating.

"It is delightful," Lelgarde exclaimed, following my look; "I am all in a glow from mine." And she tossed back the mass of flaxen hair, which hung wet and heavy, all the ripple drenched out of it, over her shoulders.

Of course I did what Lelgarde told me, and dragged up my middle-aged limbs from their cosy resting-place, and dressed with what speed I could, marvelling much what this new caprice might mean.

"Have you had a bad night?" I asked, when we were crossing the frost-covered paddock in the direction of the farm.

"A bad night? What! because I get up an hour earlier than usual?"

"You are not answering my question, you know," I suggested.

But no further answer could I get; and so we arrived at the farm, saw the cows milked, and went shivering home to breakfast. Lelgarde would have routed me out again as soon as the meal was over, but I struck at last. "You will tire yourself quite out, child," I said; and I was startled by the tone in which she answered:

"That is just what I am trying to do."

That day, however, I was only amused at her vagaries; but when time passed on, and the same strange restlessness still beset her, I grew vaguely uneasy. Her hours were becoming uncertain; sometimes she was still asleep when the breakfast-bell rang; sometimes she was afoot before dawn, though she never again pressed me into the service. I began to wish that she would, as I might then have exercised some control over the length of her rambles. All day long she was rushing about, devising employments, evidently for the mere sake of being up and doing; and, by the

evening, she was always thoroughly exhausted, and obliged, though she fought hard against it, to give way to fatigue, and collapse on an arm-chair. All this might have been merely the excitement natural to her very new mode of life; but I saw, with uneasiness, that she was evidently not well. In spite of her long walks, her appetite flagged, her attitudes became languid, her step lost its spring; and remembering her childhood, I began to feel as if, in some mysterious way, Athelstanes was destined to be fatal to her.

About this time our few neighbours began to call, and invitations to arrive, chiefly to stately dinners, or sometimes to dine and sleep—entertainments, to me, of the deadly-lively order, but which were apparently to Lelgarde's taste, for she always accepted them, and was invariably brighter for some days afterwards, especially when we had spent a day or two from home.

One evening, as I was crossing the hall on my way to dress, I came full on Lelgarde, emerging from the door of what we still called "poor Miss Hilda's room." She gave a start, like a guilty thing, and shrank into the dark doorway. I stopped short, and began to give her a good scolding.

"Lelgarde, you are really very silly to be always haunting that cold dreary room. If you fancy it as a living-room, why not order them to light a fire there, and let us sit there altogether?"

"No, I thank you," she answered. "And as to being cold, feel." She put her hand in mine; it was hot and feverish, and the light from the hall-lamp showed that her face was flushed, and her eyes unnaturally brilliant.

"Do you think I am in much danger of catching cold?" she asked, with a nervous laugh, which sounded as if it might quiver off into a cry. I was really frightened.

"Child, what is it?" I asked, going with her into her bedroom; "is anything vexing you? Are you fretting?"

I stopped short; the idea of Harry Goldie occurred to me.

"Fretting? What should fret me?" she answered, pettishly. "Come, it is high time to be dressing." And she rang for her maid, evidently glad to be quit of me and my questionings.

We were going to dine at the rectory. Our rector and his wife were pleasant people, and kind neighbours, and we were always

glad to go there. To-night the party consisted only of ourselves and the rector's brother, a barrister, now attending the assizes, which were going on in the nearest town. He was a little, black-looking man, with sharp eyes, and a quick manner, and a certain air of being condescendingly amused at everything, and knowing all about it, which I have often remarked since in those of his profession. I saw his quick glance run over Lelgarde with keen appreciation—admiration is scarcely the word—and he took an early opportunity of seating himself by her side. Certainly she appeared to singular advantage, the flush on her cheek and the feverish light in her eyes supplying all that her face was sometimes wanting in. Her graceful half-mourning became her well, and the one or two pearl ornaments which she wore were like herself, I thought, so pure, and fair, and delicate. Her ease in society was always a marvel to me, considering how she had been brought up. She was entirely what she should have been, retiring, quiet, but perfectly unembarrassed. No wonder Mr. Seymour Kennedy's quick eye marked her down at once.

He and his brother came into the drawing-room after dinner, eagerly talking over a case which had been pronounced the case of the assizes; its chief feature being the discovery of a will after it had been lost for many years.

"The attempt to prove it a forgery broke down utterly," said Mr. Seymour Kennedy; "and rightly, for it was undoubtedly genuine, but the story of the discovery was so strange that it gave fair ground for the trial."

"A curious case of sudden recollection, was it not?"

"Quite so. The old man's adopted son, the present possessor in fact, after having acquiesced in the estate going to the heir-at-law, the will being missing, one day, on chancing to be shown into a different dressing-room from usual to wash his hands, suddenly remembered having seen his father, as he had always called him, put away the will, calling his attention to the fact, in the drawer of an old bureau, which had stood neglected in the corner for years and years. The young man was six years old when the will was placed there. He is nearly thirty now."

"Memory plays us strange tricks, I know, sometimes," said the rector. "Witness Walter Scott's story which he cooks up in the Antiquary."

"And I once met with another case," said his brother, addressing Lelgarde all the time, "where a will was discovered in an almost similar way; but then the finder believed himself to have received a visitation from his late father, who revealed the hiding-place to him in a dream. Evidently the force of memory working unconsciously on the sleeping brain."

"Do you think so?" Lelgarde began; her voice was hoarse and died away. Mr. Seymour Kennedy turned towards her, and, in the courteous, lowered tone he always assumed in addressing women:

"You were speaking," he said.

She gathered voice and went on:

"In this last case there was an apparition—a spiritual visitation. Do you put that down as a mere trick of memory?"

"I see you resent the slur upon the ghosts," he answered, playfully. "Is it unfair to ask if you believe in them?"

She hesitated, and her glowing cheek grew quite pale. We all looked at her in surprise, she seemed to take the subject so unnecessarily to heart. Suddenly she looked full up in his face, and spoke quickly and eagerly:

"No, I do not. I will not believe in them. Such utter disbelief as yours is catching, I think. It is pleasant to feel sure that some natural, every-day reason can be found for everything. You think that is so, do you not?"

I could see that he was flattered by her appeal to his judgment.

"If you were in the habit of sifting evidence, you would come to that same conclusion, I am sure," he said, gently; "nerves—optical delusion."

"Oh! but that is worse," Lelgarde said, "to think that the—the terror is part of ourselves, in our own brain. Is not the thought unbearable?"

"Only that science can remedy it," he answered, in a tone rather in contrast to her excited cadences; "no need to break one's heart over a ghost, if you hold, as I do, that quinine or camomile tea has the power of laying it."

"Is Athelstanes haunted, Miss Atheling?" asked Mrs. Kennedy, striking in, indiscreetly, as I thought. "It looks as if it ought to be."

"If it is," I said, brusquely, I am afraid, for the subject was one I hated to hear Lelgarde engaged on, "we will hope the ghosts will keep to themselves; in such a large house, it is a shame if they cannot be peaceable."

Our carriage was announced, and we went home, after Mr. Seymour Kennedy had asked if he might call the next day.

"How do you like him, Lelgarde," I asked, the next morning, as we sat at breakfast.

"Very much indeed," she responded, heartily, "don't you?"

"Pretty well; he condescends too much to please me."

"Joan, could anything be more courteous?"

"Just so, but with a certain air as if he were saying, 'Don't mind being a fool, because I prefer you so.' He plays with his subject, and will never meet a woman on equal ground—no, I do not appreciate Mr. Seymour Kennedy."

"He is strong and clear-headed, and pleasant to listen to, though," said my sister with a sigh, and I looked at her closely.

"You look better, my pet," was the result of my study. Indeed, her cheek looked rounder, her eyes had their own soft brightness, she was eating a comfortable breakfast, and pouring out the tea with a steady hand, good symptoms, all of which I had missed of late.

"Oh, yes," she responded, cheerily, I have had such a good night."

"Do you ever have bad ones?" I asked, struck by the implied admission.

"If I do," she answered, gaily, "I suppose it is for want of the quinine or the camomile tea, which are to put every thing to rights for us," and, carolling like a bird, she sprang up from the table, and put her arm through mine for our daily visit to the poultry-yard. One of Miss Etheldreda's few human weaknesses had been for fowls, and Lelgarde was inclined to follow in her footsteps, so that a long after-breakfast lounge to see them fed had become an institution. When the barley was all devoured, we turned homewards, and Lelgarde, suddenly remembering that she wished to speak to Mrs. Bracebridge, turned to the back door, the nearest way to her room. Angry voices sounded from the passage, and in the dread of plunging into a domestic row, which I suppose all wise mistresses share, Lelgarde stopped short in the porch, with a look at me, half ludicrous, half dismayed.

"I desire that not another word may be said on the subject in this house," said Mrs. Bracebridge's voice in solemn indignation; "a pack of nonsense, or a heap of lies, Betsy Jane; I give you your choice which name you like to call 'em by."

"'Twas not I only as see it, ma'am ; ask Ellen," returned a whimpering voice with a sniff of injured innocence.

"And what was Ellen doing out of her room at that time of night?" retorted the dame. "Been down to fetch her prayer-book, had she? A likely story. And much good her prayer-book is to her, or to you either, if it don't teach you better than to give the house a bad name in this way."

"I never give the house a bad name, ma'am." Another sniff. "But if I was to die for it, we did see a white figure walking up the stairs along the gallery; and what's more, it did seem as though it comed from Miss Hilda's room."

"And it did seem to die away, like, just by that corner where Miss Atheling do sleep, and that's the truth; but law, I never thought no harm by mentioning of it," said another voice, lachrymose likewise.

"'Twas not I; 'twas James as said that about the white lady walking, when the head of the family were going to die."

"What! James saw it too, did he?" asked Mrs. Bracebridge, sharply, not to say ferociously.

"Lord forgive you, Mrs. Bracebridge, for saying such a thing. How do I know about what James should see?"

"Well, well, mind your work, and don't get chattering with the men; and I'll warrant you won't see no more white ladies; we don't want 'em here, nor no black gentlemen neither; and just remember this, you Betsy Jane and Ellen; if I hear any more of it, it's a month's warning to both of you, do you see?"

Steps, sniffs, and scoldings died away along the passage, and I turned laughing to meet Lelgarde's eyes; she had sunk quietly down on the stone seat in the porch, and fainted dead away.

CHAPTER VI.

It was long before Mrs. Bracebridge and I succeeded in restoring Lelgarde to consciousness; and it was a relief to me when the doctor, to whom I sent at once, took his place at her bedside. He asked a few questions, prescribed a sedative, recommended her to keep quiet, and assured us that there was no cause for uneasiness; but when he and I were alone, he asked me if she had been undergoing any strain on her spirits, or if her nerves had received any shock. And when I told him the history of her illness long ago, he said there was the more need for care now.

"Not that I can detect anything seriously amiss, but she is in a highly nervous state, and requires constant cheerful society, pleasant occupation, exercise without fatigue;" and with a few directions as to her diet he went away.

It was all very well to prescribe cheerful society, but where was it to be found? The neighbours were few; of those few a sprinkling only had been considered worthy to associate with the house of Atheling, and we had no friends whom we could summon from afar to fill our house and make it merry. But fortune favoured us to some extent, for Mr. Seymour Kennedy took to coming down to spend Sunday at the rectory, or rather part of Sunday, for he had to start by the evening mail, paying dearly, by two long night journeys, for his few hours of quiet and country air. "Quiet and country air!" those were said to be the attractions; but I had my suspicions that the heiress of Athelstanes counted for something, too. He began to haunt the house on Sunday afternoons, and certainly brought with him a pleasant sense of life and stir, and communion with the outer world. But I did not, I could not, like him, and I was surprised to see that Lelgarde was evidently attracted by him. In the old London days her enthusiasm had been an amusement to me, though I could not always go along with it; the bright earnestness with which she and Harry Goldie would chatter about music and painting, used to make even the dingy November fogs seem cheery; and here was a man to whom enthusiasm was impossible, who spoke of most things with a covert sneer, and who patronised where Lelgarde was wont to reverence. But she did like him; his coming brightened her up wonderfully, and when he had been absent longer than usual she drooped visibly.

It was a wild afternoon towards the end of March; since dawn, a cold blast blowing from the moors had been making the trees crack and groan, and every window and chimney-pot set up its own peculiar shriek or rattle.

The rain beat desperately against the window, and came fizzing down on the logs in the wide grate; it was a day to make one shiver, and pity any one who had to be out of doors. Lelgarde evidently felt the depressing influence of the weather; she was languid, and yet restless, and seemed unable to settle to anything.

"What weather! what a night it will

be!" I said, by way of saying something, after a long silence.

Lelgarde, who was lying all her length along on a couch, sprang up and hurried to the window.

"What a night indeed!" she repeated, dreamily; "will it ever stop raining? And there goes the wind again, oh!"

"Don't stand and watch it; come to the fire," I said. And she came, leaning against the mantelpiece for a moment. Then, muttering something that I did not hear, she left the room.

It was about an hour later that the door stealthily opened, and admitted Mrs. Bracebridge with an anxious countenance. "Oh, Miss Smith, I beg your pardon, ma'am; I hoped my mistress might be come in."

"She has not been out."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am, she went out nearly an hour ago, which I could hardly believe my eyes as 'twas she; but John, who is just come in for the post-bag, he met her, ma'am, on the road into Trembleton. Surely she is never going in there such a day as this."

I was aghast. What could the child be thinking of? Almost unable to believe that she had done so wild a thing, I hurried up to her room, but it was empty, and Mrs. Bracebridge pointed to her little in-door slippers lying on the floor, her apron on the bed. There could be no doubt that she had gone out.

"Well, we must do our best to prevent her catching cold," I said, stirring up the fire. "It is a pity she has run the risk, for she has not been looking well for some time."

"No, indeed, ma'am," said Mrs. Bracebridge. And then, dropping her voice, she added, with some hesitation:

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I hope nobody has gone and worried my mistress. I hope none of the servants has been carrying their ridiculous fancies to her."

"You mean this fancy about the house being haunted," I said, smiling; for some words had passed between Mrs. Bracebridge and me on the subject before. "She certainly once heard some talk about it the day she fainted; but she has never alluded to it since. Why do you ask?"

"Well, ma'am," continued the old woman, in the same mysteriously low tone, "I must confess that there is a deal of talk going on, and 'tis not in my power to stop it. The maids, they will have it, that night after night, more nights than not, there is

a white figure to be seen, gliding like, between my mistress's room and poor Miss Hilda's."

"In old houses like this there is generally some such fancy. I suppose there is a tradition about some white lady, is there not?"

"So they begin to try to make me believe now, ma'am. All I can say is, I never heard tell of her before; and as to Miss Hilda's ghost, it is a shame to say so, poor lady, and most disrespectful too. But there is something strange. I do begin to believe that."

"Have you seen the white figure yourself, Mrs. Bracebridge?"

"Well, ma'am, I cannot altogether deny that I have; but as I were only just passing along the upper gallery, 'twere but a glimpse like that I caught."

The old body had evidently made off at the first symptom of the ghost; and probably all the maids had done the same, for on inquiry, I found nobody could give a clear account of it, only that it was dressed in true ghost fashion—all in white.

"Have you missed anything?" I asked, with scepticism worthy of Mr. Seymour Kennedy. "No? Then depend upon it somebody is playing a foolish trick. Better take no notice, and then it will be no fun for them to go on with it."

There was a step on the stairs, and Lelgarde opened the door, springing back with one of her violent nervous starts on seeing that her room was occupied. She looked ghastly, her colourless face rendered more disconsolate by the loosened hair which the rain had plastered against it, her cloak dripping, her hat a dreary mass of drenched plumage.

I wasted no words, but, with Mrs. Bracebridge's help, I got her out of her wet things into her dressing-gown, put her into an arm-chair close by the fire, and plied her with hot tea, and then, when the housekeeper was gone, I asked her severely what she meant by it.

"Don't, Joan," she answered, pettishly, turning her head away. "I only walked into Trembleton to get something I wanted."

"As if you had no grooms about the place; as if the boy were not going to the post-office. Lelgarde, you deserve to be well whipped and sent to bed."

"Whip me if you like," she said, with a languid smile, "but for pity's sake don't put me to bed. I hate my bed; I hate

the night. And there, it is growing dark already."

"Dinner comes first in the order of things," I said, as I rang for her maid, and left her, marvelling much at her queer ways, and vaguely uneasy at the general aspect of affairs.

That night we sat up late, for Lelgarde would not go to bed.

"Who could sleep," she said, "with such a tempest raving outside?"

It was nearly midnight when I wished her good-night, and went to my own room, a little way further down the same gallery. As I prepared to wind up my watch, just before stepping into bed, I found that it had stopped; and I thought I would steal gently to my sister's room, creep cautiously in, and try, without waking her, to ascertain the time by the little travelling-clock on her mantelpiece. As I had been very slow in getting to bed, I took it for granted that she was already asleep. Under this impression I opened the door without knocking, and was creeping in, when I suddenly met Lelgarde, in her dressing-gown, advancing towards me, but with such a hurried, detected air that I stopped short, feeling as if I had committed an unwarrantable intrusion.

"I beg your pardon," I said; and I began explaining my errand, but broke off at sight of what it was that she was trying to put hurriedly out of sight. "Lelgarde, what are you doing with a bottle of laudanum?"

"Not trying to kill myself, I assure you," she answered, with a faint smile; "only trying a second edition of Mr. Piccroft's sedative."

"Child, child, you should never meddle with such edge-tools. Did he tell you the proper quantity?"

"The chemist at Trembleton did."

"At Trembleton?" I stood aghast as an idea struck me. "Lelgarde, could that be your errand out this afternoon?"

"Forgive me, dearest Joany," she murmured; "indeed, it would do me less harm than such a night as I should have otherwise. Hark!"

And as a fresh blast of wind drove the rain against the window, she shrank as if

it had been a blow, then stretched out her hand for the bottle. I snatched it away, and dashed it into the fire. Lelgarde burst into tears.

"You are cruel. You do not know what you have done," she sobbed, passionately.

Now I was sure that something was seriously amiss, and I determined to get to the bottom of it.

"Lelgarde," I said, very gravely, "this is very foolish, and it is more foolish still to run the risk of getting into a fatal habit to escape from a little nervousness or sleeplessness. You do not know what you are doing. Has it never occurred to you that it is wrong?"

"Is it?" she said, sinking down in a chair in a helpless, nerveless attitude. "Must I bear on? Is it a sin to try to escape from my wretchedness? Then God help me; for a more miserable creature does not breathe."

"But what is your trouble? Lelgarde, darling, surely you can tell me anything?"

She shook her head.

"At all events, promise me that you will play no more foolish tricks with your health."

"Very well," she said, looking up at me suddenly, almost fiercely. "I promise; but you must take the consequences. If I can get no relief, if I am driven desperate, you must be responsible."

And there was the wild look of a hunted animal in her eyes, a look that painfully recalled her childish days. I felt a thrill of real fear, but I stifled all signs of it, and spoke in the quiet, authoritative tone that had always soothed her.

"Nonsense, my dear; nobody thinks of hunting or driving you. Come, we will not part again to-night. It is high time we were in bed; but first tell me all the troubles—horrible dreams, or not being able to sleep, which is it?"

She shook her head, and was silent for a moment; then, with the same startling suddenness, she exclaimed:

"I will—I will risk your telling me it is all fancy or nonsense; anything is better than this. Sit down, Joany, here, close, closer still, and I will tell you all."

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